

# The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

## SYNOPSIS.

Young Hugh Whitaker's doctors tell him he has but a few months to live, and his sweetheart, Rita, who has been his life, finds him disconsolate and proposes a sea voyage.

Can you imagine a more tragic figure than a young girl deserted in a ratty hotel by the man with whom she eloped, and given notice that her people have cast her out of their lives and she must shift for herself? And this maiden in such a plight thought there were but two courses ahead for her. One was dishonorable. So she emptied a little black bottle into a glass of water and well what happens is told in this installment with dramatic effect.

## CHAPTER II

"Mrs. Morton."

It was three in the morning before Peter Stark, having to the best of his endurance and judgment tried Whitaker out with talking, took his hat and his departure from Whitaker's bachelor rooms. Whitaker shut the hall door and turned back wearily into his living room. It was three in the morning; his body ached with fatigue, yet he made no move toward his bedchamber.

Picking his way across a floor littered with stashes, charts, maps and guide-books, he went to the bathroom and took a bottle of chloral from the medicine chest.

What he took brought him three hours of oblivion. He rose at eight, ordered his breakfast up by telephone, bathed and dressed. When the tray came up, his mail came with it. Among others there was one letter in which he read:

Dear Hugh: I can call you that, now, because you're Peter Stark's friend and dear friend, and the proof of that is that I'm telling you first of all of our great happiness. Peter and I found out that we loved one another yesterday, so we're going to be married the first of June and...

Whitaker read no more. He could guess the rest, and for the moment he felt too sick a man to go through to the end. Indeed, the words were blurring and running together beneath his gaze.

After a long time he put the letter aside, absent-mindedly swallowed a cup of lukewarm tea, and rose from an otherwise uneventful morning.

"That settles that, of course," he said quietly. "And it means I've got to hustle to get ahead of Peter."

Whitaker packed a hand-bag with a few essentials, not forgetting the bottle of chloral. He was not yet quite sure what he meant to do after he had definitely put himself out of Peter Stark's sphere of influence, but he hadn't much doubt that the drug was destined to play a most important part in the ultimate solution, and would as readily have thought of leaving it behind as of going without a toothbrush or railway fare.

Leaving the bag in the parcels-room at the Grand Central Station, he went down-town to his office. Happily his partner, Drummond, was out of town for the day. He worked expeditiously, having no callers until just before he was ready to leave. Then he was obliged to admit one who desired to make a settlement. He took Whitaker's receipt for the payment in cash, leaving behind him fifteen one-dollar bills. Whitaker drew his personal check for the right amount and left it with a memorandum under the paper-weight on Drummond's desk; put a match to a shredded pile of personal correspondence in the fireplace; and caught a train at the Grand Central at one-thirty.

Not until the cars were in motion did he experience any sense of security from Peter Stark. He had been apprehensive until that moment of some unforeseen move on the part of his friend; Peter was capable of wide but sure bursts of intuition on occasion, especially where his affections were touched. But now Whitaker felt free, free to abandon himself to meditative despair. Cold horror-crowed in his brain like a delirium-horror of himself, of his morbid desire, of that morbid body unit to breathe the clean fire of life.

At about four o'clock the train stopped to drop the dining-car. Wholly swayed by blind impulse, Whitaker got up, took his hand-bag and left the car. On the station platform he found himself pelted by a van out of the corner, imprisoned himself in the body of an aged and decrepit four-wheeler, and as they rocked and crawled away, the blind windows wept unceasingly, and unceasingly the rain drummed the long roll on the roof.

In time they stopped before a rambling structure, the weather-boarded facade, white with flaking paint, bore the legend: "Commercial House." Whitaker carried his hand-bag up the steps and across the rain-swept veranda into a dim, cavernous hall. A cubicle fenced off in one corner formed the office proper. Whitaker waited by the desk, a gaunt, weary man, harried by fear. There was in his mind a desolate picture of the room upstairs when he—his soul: the imperishable essence of himself—should have finished with it...

At his elbow lay the hotel register,

open at a page neatly headed with a date in red ink. Whitaker registered; but two-thirds of his name was all he entered; when it came to "Whitaker," his pen paused and passed on to write "Philadelphia" in the residence column.

The thought came to him that he must be careful to obliterate all laundry marks on his clothing. In his own good time the clerk appeared. He was an indifferent, indifferent nod and a glance at the register which seemed unaccountably to moderate his apathy.

"Mr. Morton—uh?" he inquired. Whitaker nodded without words. The youth shrugged and scrawled a hasty signature after that name. "Here, Sam," he said to the boy—"Forty-three." To Whitaker he addressed the further remark: "Trunks?"

"No."

The youth seemed about to expostulate, but checked when Whitaker placed one of his hundred-dollar notes on the counter.

"I think that'll cover my liability," he said with a significance misinterpreted by the other.

"I ain't got enough change—"

"That's all right; I'm in no hurry."

Whitaker's eyes followed him as he ascended the stairs. On the second floor as Whitaker came into view, the boy thrust open the door, disappeared for an instant, and came out minus the bag. Whitaker gave him a coin in passing—an attention which he acknowledged with a nod and with a bang the moment the guest had entered the room. At the same time Whitaker became aware of a contretemps.

The room was of fair size, and it was tenanted by a woman in street dress. She stood by the washstand, with her back to the light, her attitude one of tense expectancy; hardly more than a silhouette of a figure moderately tall and very slight, almost angular in its slenderness. She had been holding a tumbler in one hand, but as Whitaker appeared this slipped from her fingers; there followed a thud and a sound of split liquid at her feet. She moved forward a pace or two, her hands fluttering out toward him, then stopped as though halted by a force impenetrable and overpowering.

"I thought," she quivered in a stricken voice—"I thought... you... my husband... Mr. Morton... the boy said..."

Then her knees buckled under her, and she plunged forward and fell with a thump that shook the walls.

"I'm sorry—I beg pardon," Whitaker stammered stupidly to ears that couldn't hear. He swore softly with exasperation, threw his hat to a chair and dropped to his knees beside the woman.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Whitaker.

He lived through a long, bad quarter hour, his own tensed nerves twinging in sympathy with the girl's sobbing—like a telegram wire strung in a gale, his mind busy with many thoughts, strangely new and compelling, wearing a fresh complexion that lacked altogether the coloring of self-interest.

He mixed a weak draught of brandy and water and returned to the bedside, where he made an effort to rise. The effect was quickly apparent in the color that came into her cheeks, faint but warm. After a moment she asked: "Please—who are you?"

"My name is Whitaker," he said—"Hugh Morton Whitaker." "Didn't want to be known as registered as Hugh Morton. They mistook me for your husband."

The girl swung to her feet. "I want to tell you something." She faced him bravely, though he refused the challenge of her tormented eyes. "What you listen?"

He crossed to a window, where he stood staring out. "I'd rather not," he said softly, "but if you prefer—" "I do prefer," said the voice behind him. "I—I'm Mary Ladislav."

"Yes," said Whitaker.

"I've come away from home last week—five days ago—to get married to your chauffeur, Charles Morton..." She stammered.

"Please don't go on, if it hurts," he begged without looking around.

"I've got to—I've got to get it over with..." She was at the window, at my father's summer home—I mean, that's where I ran away from. He—Charles—I drove me over to Greenport and I took the ferry there and came here to wait for him. He went to New York in the car, promising to join me here as soon as possible..."

"And he didn't come," Whitaker wound up for her, when she faltered. "How much money of yours did he take with him?"

There was a brief pause of astonishment. "What do you know about that?" she demanded.

"I know a good deal about that type of man," he said grimly.

What will Whitaker do with this frail girl in his hands? What would you do in such circumstances?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

shake out the water, put them on your feet, go about your domestic work, don't sit down until your shoes are dry. You will find that you have as comfortable a pair of shoes as you ever had on your feet. Try it and see if my story is not true.

Unkind. Ethel—Here is a notice of Olive's betrothal. It must be her fourth this year.

Max—She is getting to be quite a veteran of the engagement ring.

Cultivate Celery. Keep the soil loose and mellow around the celery plants.

Sweden's Income Increased. A statement of the national income of Sweden for 1915, received from American Minister Ira N. Morris, at Stockholm, gives a total of \$40,312,816, an increase over the 1914 figures, which were \$39,949,540. During the month of December, however, the 1915 figures of \$2,666,021 showed a decrease from \$4,012,199 in December, 1914. The estimate of income which was made for 1914 was slightly less than the actual amount received, which the estimate for 1915 was \$42,705,800, so that the income for the latter year was more than \$2,000,000 lower than was estimated.

Man Bound to Succeed. It is the man who carefully paces his way up step by step, with his mind becoming wider and wider, and progressively better able to grasp any theme or situation, persevering in what he knows to be practical and concentrating his thought upon it, who is bound to succeed in the greatest degree—Alexander Graham Bell.

Great Importance of Rest. Continued Fatigue Works Much Injury, Says Ohio Osteopath—Sleep Restores Cells. The sanitation of each individual cell of the human body is the greatest of all problems that confronts man, according to Dr. Orrell E. Smith of Indianapolis, who recently addressed the Central Ohio Osteopathic association on the value of "Rest as a Therapeutic Agent." Doctor Smith declared that "no greater service is ever rendered to the body in health or disease than that of establishing the most favorable conditions for sleep and rest." These are imperatively needed for cellular reconstruction and restoration following physical and mental effort.

The delicate organism of the cells may be permanently injured by "long and persistent hours of work without sufficient rest." Fatigue and overwork result in the accumulation of waste and harmful material in the cells and thus change their chemical composition. Rest, particularly sleep, will restore the cells, so that they can continue to perform their normal functions.

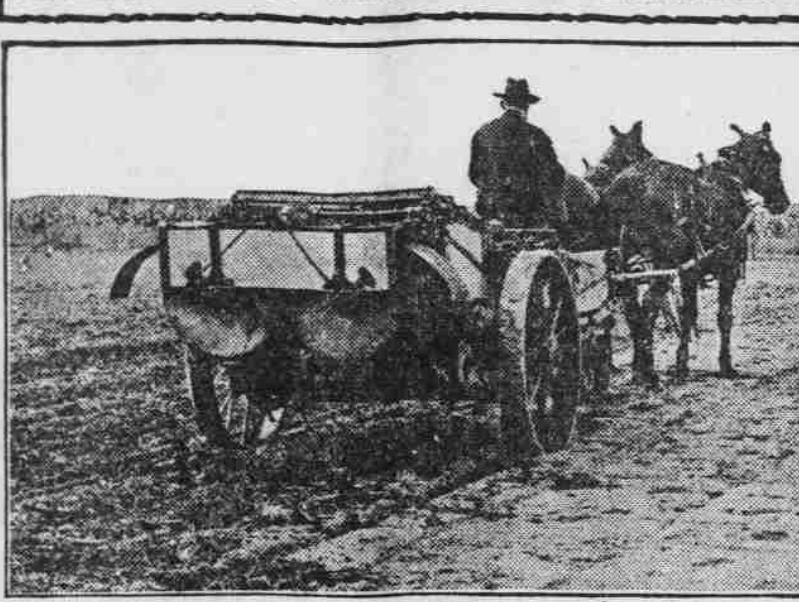
The man or woman who thinks he can continue work long after fatigue has manifested itself, without stopping for rest, under proper conditions, is doing himself or herself a permanent injury, Doctor Smith concluded.

A Hint. Stage Manager—"My dear, I wish you would wear a different gown in the second act of Rita Ravensby." "But that is the latest style, and I paid two hundred dollars for it." Stage Manager—"That may be true, but when your husband says: 'Woman, you are hiding something from me,' the audience can't figure out what he means."—Judge.

Tomorrow. Do not let the shadow of tomorrow's disagreeable duty fall over the brightness that belongs to today. Do not double the shadow by forecast, and especially do not throw it over others. Leave the hour in the day where it belongs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

## APPLICATION OF MANURE AND FERTILIZERS



DISTRIBUTING MANURE IN PROPER MANNER.

Barnyard manure, when rotted, should be spread on top of the plowed ground and well worked into the soil with the harrow. Harrow both ways of the field. If there are fifty wagon loads of manure to load, haul and spread spring and fall; a two-horse spreader should be used. The manure can be spread thick or thin. The lumps are broken up fine and spread evenly over the ground. Fresh horse manure, containing much straw, should be piled between layers of cattle and hog-pen manure. Each foot-layer of manure, as it is piled, should be given a thick coat of land-plaster. The plaster holds the ammonia and helps to rot up the manure.

For top dressing late seedling corn and capable of holding the rainfall by spreading, say 14 to 16 two-horse loads of long straw stalk manure to the acre on top of the ground and plowing under as fast as it is spread.

For top dressing late seedling corn and grass, fresh horse manure should be used. It should be spread early in October, and quite thin—about six two-horse loads to the acre.

There is a great difference in land and the same treatment will not do for all. The small grains and grasses require manure near the surface. It is a good plan to use both animal manure and fertilizers for wheat, say six two-horse loads of rotted manure and four hundred pounds of high-grade bone fertilizer, drilled in with the grain, to the acre. This method will give larger yield of grain and a thick set of timothy and clover. This practice is coming into favor with practical grain growers. It is the usual practice among our successful truckers and market gardeners, and it is a good one.

The old method of dropping manure in small piles over the plowed field to be spread by hand and harrowed in is a slow and laborious practice. The manure is not properly spread and it costs too much to spread it.

## ARRANGE BUILDINGS MORE CONVENIENTLY

Location Has Much to Do With Time Required to Perform Certain Work Around the Farm.

(By W. C. PALMER, Agricultural Editor, North Dakota Agricultural College.)

The location of the buildings on a farm has a great deal to do with the time required to do the work. It will often pay to move some of the buildings in order to secure a more convenient arrangement. This was done on one farm, with the following results. Under the old plan, it required walking 53 miles a year, just carrying in water. Under the new plan, the water was piped into the house—like the telephone wire—along a piece of the old plan required walking 22 miles. Under the new arrangement, this was reduced to eight and three-fourths miles. The trips made to the machine shed during the year amounted to fifty-seven and one-third miles; by the new arrangement, it was reduced to eleven and three-fourths miles. By the new arrangement, the year's trips in feeding the hogs was reduced 102.5 miles, and in caring for the chickens, three miles were saved. The total saving for the year through rearranging the farmstead was 217.3 miles.

It was also figured up and found that at living wages, that the time used up in walking these 217.3 miles was worth \$36.74. It must be remembered that it was not only a case of walking these miles, but it was usually with something to carry.

NITRATE OF SODA AS POTASH SUBSTITUTE

Continuous Growing of Same Crop on Piece of Land Draws Heavily on Plant Food.

Rotation of crops is the best plan to follow because the continuous growing of the same crop on a piece of land draws heavily upon certain kinds of plant food. Dr. William P. Brooks, director of the Massachusetts station, says that nothing will wholly take the place of potash for crops, but next to that would be nitrate of soda, for the chemical action of soda tends to increase potash in the soil.

Acid phosphates should also be used. At the present price of potash corn stalks are worth \$10 per ton for the potash in them. The effect of lime on crops has been exaggerated. It is injurious rather than beneficial in growing tobacco, but is better for onions, and he recommends it for this purpose. Land plaster is better than lime for tobacco.

DON'T HURRY TO FILL SILO

Green Feed Often Better When Permitted to Settle a While—Wait for Maturing Corn.

It is not essential that the silo be filled at one time. Many farmers have found that it is best to let silage settle a while before putting too much on top of it. Some run the cutter one day and let it stand the next. If enough corn is not ready for filling it entirely it is very well to wait for another field to mature.

Excellent Hog Forage. Rape, clover and corn fed in connection with bluegrass pasture comprise an excellent forage crop rotation for the hog farm.

Cheap Harness Is Expensive. A "cheap" harness is really about the most expensive thing on the farm, as it sometimes costs a life.

Good Things About Alfalfa. Alfalfa works for nothing and hounds itself. There are 19 other good things about alfalfa.

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## TREES TURN TO STONE WASTE LANDS COSTLY

Petrified Forest of Arizona Owned by Uncle Sam.

Study of These Relics of the Age of Reptiles Is Full of Interest to the Geologist.

The "petrified forest" of Arizona is one of the most interesting possessions of Uncle Sam. There are really a series of petrified forests which lie a short distance south of Adamson, on the line of the Santa Fe railroad.

There are four "forests," included in a government reservation called "Petrified Forest National Monument," created by presidential proclamation in 1906. The name "forest" is not strictly appropriate, for the petrified tree trunks are all prostrate and are broken into sections. The logs are the remains of giant trees that grew in Triassic time, the age of reptiles. The trees were related to the Norfolk Island pine, now used for indoor decoration. Doubtless they grew in a nearby region and, after falling, drifted down a water-course and lodged in some sandy or a sand bank. Later they were buried by sand and clay, finally to a depth of several thousand feet. The conversion to stone was effected by gradually replacement of the woody material by silica in the form called chalcedony, deposited by underground water. A small amount of iron oxides deposited at the same time has given the brilliant and beautiful brown, yellow, and red tints which appear in much of the material.

Some of the tree trunks are six feet in diameter and more than 100 feet long. In the first forest there is a fine trunk that forms a natural bridge over a small ravine, the water having first washed away the overlying clay and sand and then, following a crevice, worked out the channel under the bridge. The length of this log is 110 feet, and the diameter four feet at the butt and 1 1/2 at the top.

The petrified woods are beautiful objects for study. When thin slices are carefully ground down to a thickness of 0.003 inch or less and placed under a microscope they show perfectly the original wood structure, all the cells being distinct, though now they are replaced by chalcedony. By studying the sections F. H. Knowlton of the United States geological survey, under microscope they show perfectly the original wood structure, all the cells being distinct, though now they are replaced by chalcedony. By studying the sections F. H. Knowlton of the United States geological survey, under microscope they show perfectly the original wood structure, all the cells being distinct, though now they are replaced by chalcedony.

UNCLE SAM WILL ENDEAVOR TO AMERICANIZE IMMIGRANTS

Launches Campaign to Induce 3,000,000 Non-English Speaking Residents to Attend Night School.

Uncle Sam has inaugurated a great "Americanization" campaign. The object of this movement is to induce 3,000,000 non-English speaking immigrants in the United States to attend night school and learn the language of America. The campaign is directed by the United States bureau of education, which is a part of the department of the interior.

The commissioner of education has designated men dealing with the immigrants' problems from every angle to serve on a national committee of 100 to further the purposes of the campaign. This action is the result of resolutions adopted by two Americanization conferences held during the recent meetings of the National Educational association in Detroit and in New York, at which times it was decided that the removal of the inability of the foreign-born residents to speak English could be hastened by concerted effort and co-operation of all interested agencies and individuals working intensively on a nation-wide basis prior to or immediately subsequent to the opening of evening schools in October.

Letters of appointment were sent to representative industrial leaders, educators, labor and immigration officials, state officials, editors, officers of patriotic, civic and racial organizations and public spirited citizens in every corner of the United States. The function of the committee will be to co-operate with the bureau in enlisting the active interest of school superintendents, chambers of commerce, commercial organizations, industrial establishments, labor unions and private organizations.

For the purpose of enlisting native and foreign-born American citizens in the "America First" campaign an enrollment blank headed "Sign this card and join the Americanization movement" will be used. Thousands of these cards, asking each signer for personal help, will be disseminated in states and cities where immigrants reside. Through the active assistance secured in this manner the bureau expects to be able to reach thousands of immigrants which it would reach in no other way. Co-operating subcommittees will be appointed in the principal immigrant communities.

Glass Sand Output Grows. The production of glass sand in this country in 1915 was 1,884,044 short tons, valued at \$1,008,640. This is the largest quantity ever reported by the United States geological survey, which has just issued a report on sand and gravel.

Lack of Fingers Didn't Bother This Marksman. Rejected for enlistment in the United States marine corps because the "trigger" and middle fingers were missing from his right hand, a raw-boned applicant from Oklahoma, went from the recruiting station in St. Louis to a shooting gallery nearby, and made 25 straight hits on a moving target with a small caliber rifle, while the sergeant who had rejected him looked on.

"I can shoot better with my little finger than some men can with their trigger fingers," the Oklahoma recruit said after his performance at the gallery, "and I cannot understand why you won't take me."

The marine sergeant explained that a hand minus several fingers would look bad when engaged in white gloves and that the loss of the fingers would seriously interfere with the proper handling of the rifle at drills.

But the Oklahoma recruit was unconvinced and went back home in the belief that the government doesn't know a good man when it sees one.

Uncle Sam had collected \$27,369 in Panama Canal tolls at the end of July, 1915, according to the report of the Panama Canal zone. The collections from vessels in the coastwise trade of the United States formed \$1,923,122 of this total. The tolls collected in July, 1916, amounted to \$400,123.

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Can't Perform a Miracle. "A Virginia inventor has brought out a motor-driven plow from which the motor can be removed for other work about a farm," said the city man. "Do you suppose it could be attached to the farmhand and make him move any faster?"

When a man and woman argue the woman invariably gets the last word; but when two women argue it's always a draw.

By an electrical refining process a plant in Norway is producing 50,000 tons of zinc annually.

A. N. Lockhart of Pittsburgh, Pa., has discovered how to build desirable houses of mud.

## SKINNER'S

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## "URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. I have Rheumatism or Gout, or any other kind of trouble, and I have tried every remedy, but I have not been cured. I have tried every remedy, but I have not been cured. I have tried every remedy, but I have not been cured.

Depo. C. W. Brockton, Mass.

## GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

The Greatest Trapshooting Event of the Year, Won with Winchester "Repeater" Shells.

The Grand American Handicap, the trapshooting classic, equivalent to the World's Series in Baseball, is the highest honor the world has to bestow in trapshooting, the event that marks the climax in the trapshooter's career, was won by Capt. J. F. Wulf, of Milwaukee, with the wonderful score of 69x100 from the 19-yard mark. In making this great win he shot Winchester "Repeater" loaded shells.

The National Amateur Championship was won by F. M. Troeh, of the State of Washington. Mr. Troeh also took second place for National Amateur Championship at Doubles. He also won the Mound City Open, and the General Average on 16-yard targets. In winning all these events, Mr. Troeh used a Winchester repeating shotgun.

The Women's National Championship, the first event of the kind ever staged at a Grand American Handicap, was won by Mrs. J. D. Dalton, of Warsaw, Indiana, with a Winchester repeating shotgun.

The Dunsuagh Trophy, emblematic of the Professional Championship, was won by Phil R. Miller with a Winchester repeating shotgun.

The Hercules All-round Amateur Championship was won by Edw. L. Bartlett, of Baltimore, with Winchester loaded shells. This was a hard match to win, as it called for 50 singles at 15, 20, 22 yards respectively, and 25 doubles at 15 yards.

This was a great cleanup for Winchester guns and shells and a demonstration of their wonderful shooting qualities.

## ADVICE BY HETTY GREEN

Told Girl Stenographer to "Figure in Pennies and Save Them."

During one of the periods of her economical living streaks the late Mrs. Hetty Green was staying at a modestly-priced boarding house, where a jobless young stenographer came to know her. The girl finally landed a position for \$12 a week and told Mrs. Green of it.

"You've got to leave here," said the old woman emphatically. "You are not earning enough to pay so much for your keep. I'll tell you where to go. There's a hotel for working girls I know. I lent the man the money to build it. There are washrooms there and sewing rooms. Make your own clothes and care for them. Get a roommate. It will cost you only \$4. Save \$8 out of your \$12. Do not go out nights. Watch your company. Do what I tell you and you'll get on. Anybody can. The trouble is, most people don't know the value of five cents. You are advised. Don't figure in dollars; figure in pennies, and save them."

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## If Coffee don't agree use POSTUM

There's a Reason

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